

Mother

How stout and chubby
Misri's
children are. They are
something to
look at. But the more I feed
you, the
more you seem to grow thin
every day.

First Girl

But why do you always
blame us
for that, mother ? Can we
help it ?

Mother

Don't I tell you to take
plenty of
rest ? But you must always
be run-
ning about.

Second Girl

But, mother, we run about
^n your
errands,

Mother

How dare you answer me
like that T